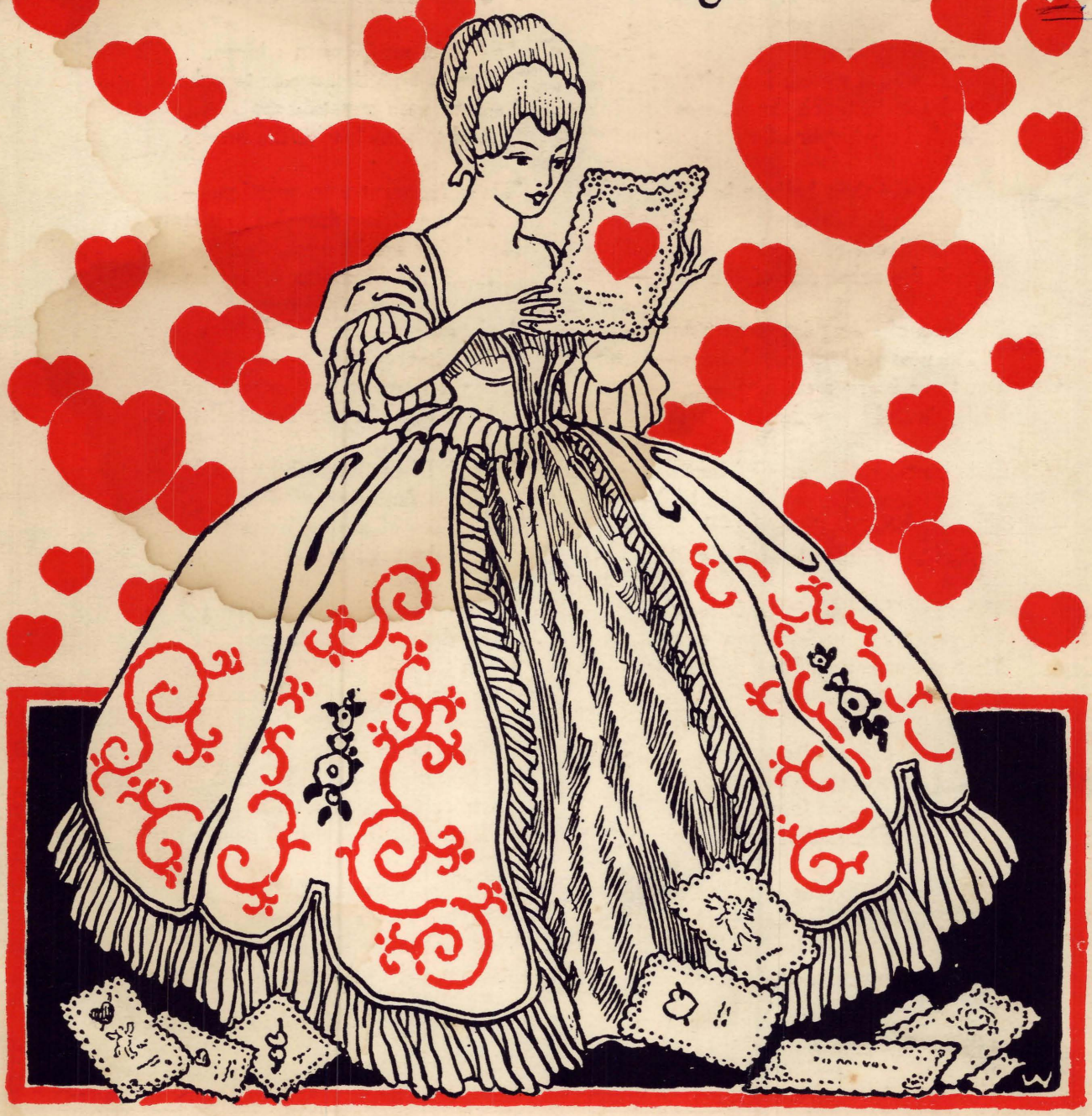
FEBRUARY ~ 1921

The STORAGRAM

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE EMPLOYEES OF
KAUFMANN'S "The Big Store"



An Old Sweetheart of Mine

An Old Sweetheart of Mine—is this
  Her presence here with me,
Or but a vain creation of
  A lover's memory?

A fair, illusive vision
  That would vanish into air,
Dared I even touch the silence
  With the whisper of a prayer?

Nay, let me then believe in all
  The blended false and true—
The semblance of the old love
  And the substance of the new,—

The then of changeless sunny days—
  The new of shower and shine—
But Love forever smiling—
  As that old sweetheart of mine.

This ever-restful sense of home,
  Though shouts ring in the hall,—
The easy-chair—the old bookshelves
  And the prints along the wall;

The rare Habanas in their box,
  Or gaunt churchwarden stem
That often wags, above the jar
  Derisively at them.

As one who cons at evening
  O'er an album, all alone,
And muses on the faces
  Of the friends that he has known.

So I turn the leaves of fancy,
  Till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of
  An old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer
  With a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low—to rest me
  Of the dazzle in my eyes.

And light my pipe in silence,
  Save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco
  And to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection,—
  For the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfume
  From the blossoms of my heart;

And to dream the old dreams over
  Is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancies wander
  With that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study,
  Like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children
  And the mother as she sings.

I feel no twinge of conscience
  To deny me any theme
When Care has cast her anchor
  In the harbor of a dream—

In fact, to speak in earnest
  I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle
  With a little dust of harm,—

For I find an extra flavor
  In Memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper
To that old sweetheart of mine.

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VOLUME 2
No. 2

The

FEBRUARY
1921

STORAGRAM

Published in the interests of the employees of
KAUFMANN'S
"The Big Store"

Some Men Lose Five Minutes Early in Life and Never Find it Afterward

I like to reach the station a few minutes early in the afternoon and watch the commuters running for the trains.

I have been watching them now for almost two years, and I know a lot of them by sight.

There are the ladies and old men, infrequent visitors to the city, unused to business, who arrive long before train time.

There are the regular business men, who arrive one minute ahead. And—just as the gate is about to slam—there come piling across the station, breathless, coat-tails flying, the members of the Just a Little Late Club.

I used to sympathize with them at first, supposing them to be unfortunates who had missed a car or lost their watches.

But after almost two years of watching I know different.

The membership of the Just a Little Late Club does not change appreciably from day to day. Night after night it is the very same crowd of men who have to run the last few blocks for the train.

Membership in the Just a Little Late Club is not a misfortune; it is a habit. And one of the most exasperating habits in the world.

Napoleon said: "I beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes."

He beat the Austrians, but he did not exterminate them. Thousands of their descendants and relatives still wave—still with no appreciation of the value of time; still a nuisance in the business world.

There should be some way of marking them. They should be compelled to wear a button or a distinctive uniform of some sort, so that the man who makes an appointment with one of them might be protected against taking the appointment too seriously.

"Never be on time," said Mark Twain. "You waste too much time waiting for the other fellow."

He had in mind the enormous membership of the Just a Little Late Club.

I was lunching the other day in a hotel with a man who has much more money than I have. And a man passed us who has much more than both of us together.

He is a captain of other people's industry as well as of his own. He began work twenty years ago as an office boy, and today heads one of the great manufacturing concerns of his city.

"A wonderful fellow," said my friend, pointing to him. "Last year I had a long series of negotiations with him about the formation of a new company. It was necessary for us to meet practically every day for nearly three months. In all that time he was never late but twice, and then only for a few minutes. And each time he sent word to me from his office telling me that he would be late."

(Continued on Page Two)

WEDDING BELLS

MISS NELL GROGAN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Grogan, of Forbes street, and Mr. Robert Willig, of Carnegie, were married at a solemn high mass in St. Agnes' Church, Fifth avenue, January 31, at 9 o'clock. Miss Grogan wore a coat suit of blue velour and hat of blue satin and georgette to match. She carried an arm bouquet of white roses, shower effect. Attending the bridal couple were Miss Mary Casey, a cousin of the bride, and Mr. George Willig, a brother of the groom.

Miss Grogan served in "The Big Store" for eight years, seven at one time and one during her last employment. She was a cashier in the basement.

Pity, sincere regret that one of their own should take such a step, and more than heartfelt sympathy for her, was marked by Miss Grogan's fellow employees in the cashier room, basement. Signs of warning, entreaty, and, in a few cases, of condolence, were to be found grouped about her desk the day before she left. She surely was a brave girl to take the step after such a send-off.

As a wedding gift the department presented her with an exquisite picture,

Miss Katherine Bensinger, Y. Groceries, and Mr. Joseph Wagner were married February 2. Miss Bensinger had been with the store a number of years and received a set of flat table silverware from the house. The girls in the department presented her with a table cloth and spread.

Miss Helen Heck, M. and R., became Mrs. G. G. Sutton February 2. Miss Heck served the store 11 years and also received flat silverware as a wedding gift. Her department presented her with bedding.

Miss Alma Reed, of J. Misses' Suits, was married recently to Mr. Sammy Siegel, of McKeesport. All the happiness in the world, Alma.

CARELESSNESS

I AM not much of a mathematician," says Carelessness, "but I can add to your troubles, I can subtract from your earnings, I can multiply your aches and pains, I can take interest from your work and discount your chances for safety. Besides this, I can divide your thoughts between business and pleasure and be a potent factor in your failures. Even if I am with you only a small fraction of the time, I can lessen your chances for success. I am a figure to be reckoned with. Cancel me from your habits and it will add to your total happiness."

(Continued From Page One)

J. P. Morgan figured that every hour of his time was worth $1,000, and he had no patience with men who were late for appointments, or who, when they came to see him, did not give him his moneys' worth in exchange for the time they took.

"It is not necessary for me to live," said Pompey, "but it is necessary that I be at a certain point at a certain time."

And Lord Nelson said: "I owe all my success in life to having been a quarter of an hour before my time."

I hold up the record of these famous men in the faint hope that it may do some good. And yet, the hope is very faint. The habit of unpromptness is so very tenacious, so difficult to break.

If I am fortunate enough to be inside when the pearly gates are closed on Judgment Day, I shall know what to expect. Five minutes later there will be a terrific battering on the gate. St. Peter may be surprised, but I shall not be. When the gates swing open again there will be—some of the most lovable and exasperating people who ever lived—the members of the Just a Little Late Club—panting, apologetic, explanatory to the last.

An optimist is a fellow who makes lemonade of the lemons he has handed him.

PACKERS AND COLLECTORS

SEATED (Left to Right)—J. Strazza, A. McCrea, H. Noll, L. Siebert, T. Strazza, F. Sohl, F. Losel, H. Hefmeister, T. Griffith and E. Mathews.
CENTER ROW (Left to Right)—H. Franz, S. Cinkan, T. Watkins, F. Ezo, F. Litfin, H. Ryan, A. DeStephano, P. McCarthy, A. Gotch, C. Faust and A. Ditmore.
TOP ROW (Left to Right)—J. McCarney, E. Urrie, N. Andolino, J. Krappweis, J. Minch, S. Favand, F. Bisciado, L. Di Marco, S. Reed, R. Leslie, E. Hartz and J. Thiery.

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. J. W. Martin, salesman of the Furniture Department, died February 7 at his home in California, Pa. Mr. Martin has been away from the store for a long time. Interment took place in California, Pa.

The Grim Reaper has been sparing this month of the lives of the employes of "The Big Store," but condolences must be offered to many employed in the loss of some of their dear ones. Mrs. Williams, Victrola Department, lost her father; Mr. Burris, Locker Room, Eighth Floor, his wife; Miss Tina Ruskovic, Foreign Department, Basement, her father; Miss Welsh, Drapery Department, her brother, and Miss Mayme Rubin, of the Wall Paper Department, suffered the loss of her father.

Sincerest condolence is offered to these employes and their families by the members of "The Big Store Family."

Working companions, together with many friends throughout "The Big Store," wish to extend their sympathy to Miss Eva Weitzel, assistant buyer of the Stationery Department, in the recent loss of her father, Mr. Weitzel, who had been ill for a long time, died January 14.

THE SICK LIST

MANY throughout the store will be glad to hear that Mrs. Clara Pilgrim, of the Coat Department, is recovering rapidly in the Homeopathic Hospital from a recent operation. We'll be more than pleased to see Mrs. Pilgrim back in her department again.

Among the "very ill" on "The Big Store" sick list is Miss Christina Horst. Hope is sent for her speedy recovery. Miss Laura Best, Assistant Buyer, J. Childs, and one of the former sponsors of the Basement, is seriously ill in a private hospital on the North Side.

Miss Katherine McAllister, First Floor Silver Department, is away on a leave of absence. Miss McCallister will be missed by many of the brides and will-be-brides of the store, for she always assisted Miss McKenzie in selecting the wedding presents of the firm.

Everybody will be glad to know that Mr. Clarence Meyers paid a visit to the Shipping Department last week. He's been away a long time, but if he keeps on gaining weight we'll see him back on the job in little or no time. For twenty years Mr. Meyers has worked for "The Big Store," so he really deserves his little vacation.

Mrs. McCandless, of the Infants' Department, Fourth Floor, is recovering from the accident in which she was badly burned. She will be back in the department in a short time.

Miss Helen Clarke, of the First Floor, will be with her fellow employes within the next few days. Miss Clarke has been away for some time, but the "doctor" has pronounced her well again.

Miss Jennie Durning, of R. Department, is away from her department on sick leave.

Even buyers get sick these days, for Mrs. Guggenheimer and Mr. Cotts, both of the First Floor, have been under the care of a physician. We all hope for their speedy recovery.

Yesterday is gone;
Tomorrow never comes;
Don't Worry.
Today is here;
Get Busy.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

WE asked Mr. Lasday for a report of the first rehearsal of "The Big Store" Orchestra and this is what we got:

Twelve persons present.

Eighteen musicians now on list.

Very promising.

Will *talk* when *deeds* are accomplished.

You might announce rehearsals on Wednesday evenings, 6 to 7:30 P. M. Lasday.

Very brief, indeed, but he isn't talking now.

THE
ADVERTISING OFFICE.
MISS O'DONNELL
MISS STUMPF
MISS HERBERT
OUR SIGN WRITERS
HARRY BRODIE —MR. ADAMS JR.—
MRS. CASHDOLLAR —HER NAME SOUNDS GOOD ANYWAY.
THE MODERN BEAU BRUMMEL — EARL LAND.
MR. ADAMS OF WORLD WIDE RENOWN WHO MAKES THE BEST ADS IN THIS SMOKY TOWN.
MIRROR
MISS ADLER THE "STENOG."
LITTLE MISS HOWARD, OF UNUSUAL GRACE DRAWS INSPIRATION FROM HER OWN PRETTY FACE.
MISS LESTER PROOF READER.
THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE JACOB MILLER AND FRANCES GRAHAM.
MR. HOOPER AND MR. KENNEDY CAN DRAW ANYTHING FROM A PICTURE TO A PAY CHECK.
WM. VAN ARSDALE.

A word to the wise in the future. It's not profitable to "spoof" the Editor—
She has the last word anyway. E.

JOE MEYERS AFFECTS SUSPENDERS

He got them for Christmas—and they're very light blue. The artist caught him in the act of showing them off.

THE LIBRARY

Members of the store library will be glad to know that a shipment of the very latest fiction has been received for their use. Among the books just in are:

Resurrection Rock—Edwin Balmer.
In Apple Blossom Time—C. D. Burnham.
The Skeleton Key—Bernard Capes.
Gray Dusk—O. R. Cohen.
The Rescue—Joseph Conrad.
The Foolish Lovers—St. John Ervine.
Half Portions—Edna Ferber
The Splendid Outcast—George Gibbs.
Lucinda—Anthony Hope.
Threads of Flame—Basil King.
Free Air—Sinclair Lewis.
The Red Seal—Natalie S. Lincoln.
The Actor-Manager—Leonard Merrick.
The House of Lynch—Leonard Merrick.
At Fame's Gateway—J. I. Mix.
Further Chronicles of Avonlea—L. M. Montgomery.
Kathleen—Christopher Morley.
Harriet and the Piper—Kathleen Norris.
The Twenty-fourth of June—Grace Richmond.
The Adventurous Lady—J. C. Snaith.
O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories—Society of Arts and Sciences.
Growing Up—Mrs. M. M. Vorse.
Age of Innocence—Edith Wharton.
The Second Latchkey—C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
A Man for the Ages—Irving Bachellor.
Queen Lucia—E. F. Benson.
Song of the Lark—W. S. Cather.
Moon-Calf—Floyd Dell.
The Bent Twig—D. C. Fisher.
Across the Campus—C. Fuller.
Miss Lulu Bett—Zona Gale.
Steel Preferred—H. S. Hall.
When Margaret Was a Freshman—E. H. Hunt.
Kindred of the Dust—P. B. Kyne.
The Portygee—J. C. Lincoln.
Free Soil—Margaret Lynn.
Potterism—R. Macauley.
Slippy McGee—M. C. Oemler.
The Great Impersonation—P. Oppenheim.
Blind—E. Poole.
Daughter of the Land—G. S. Porter.
Round the Corner in Gay Street—Mrs. Grace Richmond.
Strawberry Acres—Mrs. Grace Richmond.
Under the Country Sky—Mrs. Grace Richmond.
Elinor's College Career—G. A. Schwartz.
Whitewash—H. A. Vachell.
Just Patty—Jean Webster.
When Patty Went to College—Jean Webster.
Mother Carey's Chickens—Mrs. K. D. Wiggen.
Hungry Hearts—A. Yezierska.

THE QUITTER

You're "sick of the game?"
Well, now, that's a shame!
You're young and you're brave and you're bright.
You've had a raw deal,
I know, but don't squeal.
Buck up, do your darndest and fight!
It's the plugging away
That will win you the day,
So don't be a piker, old pard;
Just draw on your grit;
It's so easy to quit—
It's the keeping your chin up that's hard.

—Robert W. Service.

KAUFMANN'S MALE QUARTETTE

IF engagements speak for the success of an organization, then "The Big Store" Quartette will have a very promising and successful year. We had a letter from Mr. Walter C. Steinecker, directer of the quartette, and he has given us an outline of his tour. Engagements have been made in Morgantown, W. Va.; Point Marion, Pa.; Erie, Pa.; North Girard, Pa.; Ashtabula, O.; Jefferson, O.; Columbiana, O.; Greentown, O.; Shiloh, O.; Crestline, O.; Oil City, Pa.; Roseville, O.; Lanesville, O.; Newark, O.; Thornville, O.; Martinsburg, O.; Holgate, O.; Marion O. (here the quartette sang for Mr. Harding, the President-elect); Grand Rapids, O.; Toledo, O.; Continental, O.; Ashley, O.; Cardington, O., and Columbus, O.

Mr. Steinecker also tells us that on their tour they had a number of pictures taken, some of which will appear in the Storagram on his return. We're hoping that they had some taken with Mr. Harding. They'd be really worth while.

TOP ROW (Left to Right)—V. Carr, J. Henderson, L. Abernathy, B. Dawes, M. Coyle, M. Flynn, M. Humm, J. Sughine, A. Flynn, S. Stept, J. Markowitch, E. Graff, B. Vona, A. Goedecker, A. Conroy, A. Perry, R. Highland and K. Pitts.

SECOND ROW FROM TOP (Left to Right)—A. Armand, W. Schiedter, E. Jordand, S. Gardener, L. Wearing, M. Caynowski, S. Pavlos, W. Shimek, E. Scohy, C. Feldner, A. Golanty, E. Rosser and M. Ruffing.

THIRD ROW FROM TOP (Left to Right)—P. Kopp, B. McCaly, J. Watson, F .Bischoff, S. Serbin, T. J. Flynn, W. Claney, M. O'Connor and J. Cerjance.

BOTTOM ROW (Left to Right)—M. Stupak, L. Staekl, M. Walters, C. Hartner, R. Morrow, M. Saix, E. Behling, W. Szewc, A. Musante and H. Kelly.

T-R-A-U-B IS ANOTHER WAY TO SPELL "P-E-P"

He's the new Sales Manager—you'll know him by the "Derby."

GARAGE BACKFIRE—STABLE WHINNIES

Mr. Freeman has taken over the stable. A thorough cleaning up has taken place and "Pop" Miller, Tom Nee, Rottstein and McGinniss have certainly made a good job of it.

* * *

Joe Faeder, our Warehouse Wagon Artist, claims first place as a horse expert. He can tell a wood-eating horse by just looking at him.

* * *

Any person who wants to know "Why is a mustache?" should ask "Dad" Leese.

* * *

"Mag" Robinson has a white collar. He proved it by wearing same to work.

* * *

Kleiber still swears that road work is his only love.

* * *

Eichenlaub will lecture on Stromberg magnetos in the near future.

What has become of a certain green Haynes roadster?

* * *

All the wagons are beginning to look good again. New tarpaulins, overhaul, paint and everything.

* * *

The Hon. John Coyle, T. W., has the best looking boy in our neighborhood.

* * *

Our reserve trucks are safely boxed up in bird cages. Long may they rest.

* * *

Ask "Bozo" how to keep away from street car accidents. He's from Homestead, you know.

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

The most curious fact about Valentine Day is that its patron, old St. Valentine, had nothing to do with the custom which we practice. These customs existed in Rome long before saints or saints' days.

In those days long ago wolves were especially numerous and very dangerous, and anyone who could destroy them was held in greatest honor. So the old Romans had a special celebration in honor of Lupercus, the "wolf destroyer." This was held in February, and at this festive celebration, all the young people drew lots for partners for the coming year.

St. Valentine was a good old saint, who died a martyr's death, and to honor his memory a new holiday was made instead of the old pagan festival for the wolf destroyer, and it was called St. Valentine's Day.

And so our pleasant custom of sending affectionate messages to those we love, or even just like, originated, many, many years ago, and will probably live to a great old age for, in our busy lives, we cherish a little sentiment, more than most of us admit. Being kind to the ill and struggling is a phase of the day old St. Valentine would have approved of heartily.

Long ago it was a custom for a suitor to fasten his valentine message to an apple or orange, and stealing quietly to his sweetheart's home to toss it through an open window. Not so in this modern day and age but even though "roses red and violets blue" have turned into corsages of orchids, it all means the same.

A pleasanter little greeting or a sweeter little smile may have charm to bring sunshine to someone's heart, and make friendship a little dearer, so let's have Valentine Day every once in a while "just for fun."

—Mary Hall Estep.

ALTERATION ROOM, EIGHTH FLOOR, IN SPRING ATTIRE

Credit goes to Mr. Oliver Kaufmann for the artistic way in which he has decorated the Alteration Waiting Room, Eighth Floor. Three heavy velour carpets in brown, and a layout of reed furniture in leather color, perfectly in keeping with the whole color scheme. Prettiest of all are the three fernneries, in which are planted ferns, trailing plants and small palms. Although the waiting room has always been a restful spot, it takes on the appearance of a regular reception room now, thanks to Mr. Kaufmann.

SUBTRACT A FEW YEARS AND—

A few of the members of the Inspector-Cashier-Wrapper Club snapped before the fun began. ..Left to Right—Hilda De Vine, Marie Sehn, M. Flynn, Mae Patterson, N. Brinkley, E. Keller, E. Sparkenbaugh, L. Haas and H. Schmidt.

THE INSPECTOR-CASHIERS' PARTY

On Thursday evening nearly seven dozen little girls got together and had a regular time. We did pity the grown-up folks who couldn't be in on it. In the first place we patted down our little dresses, straightened up our hair bows, put on our most innocent smiles, and the photographer flash-lit us.

To give us strength for the wild pranks we had later we ate a very refreshing lunch, prepared by Mr. Hoerster. For the littlest girls, whose mammas won't let them drink coffee, milk flowed freely, and our appetites really seemed more grownup than our make-ups.

I couldn't begin to tell you all the games we played, how loudly we laughed or how excited we got, for it would take too long. The poor Victrola tried its best to entertain us, but gave it up as a bad job, for it failed utterly to make itself heard. One interesting feature was an apple race. Four little girls, down on their knees, with their hands behind them, tried to eat apples. Hilda De-vine succeeded in eating core and all without any disastrous result, except a pound of recreation room dust on the end of her nose and knees. We had everything from ring-around-the-rosy to an Irish jig. One little girl fell on her nose, several lost their hair ribbons, and Miss Elser, our president, got quite hoarse directing stunts, but we were all happy and had a good time in the bargain.

Two of the guests had to wait in the Union station afterwards for their train. The matron, being deceived by their ribbons, not their short skirts (it would keep her busy), thought they might be runaways. It was all right when she knew "The Big Store's" children had an affair.

If you think little girls can't have a howling good time at a party it's too bad you didn't get one little peep in on us. And, oh, kids, next month. Just wait!

—Mary Hall Estep.

ONE WAY TRAFFIC

There is only one road to the town of "Success,"
The name of the road is "Work."
It has room for only honest guests;
Traffic's blocked to those that shirk.

The road is open all hours of today;
It heeds neither time nor date,
And now is the time to start on your way,
For tomorrow will be too late.

Nearly all of the day is an uphill road;
It will seem like a tough old fight,
But once on your way just bear up your load
And keep going with all your might.

You will pass through many towns each day,
Such as Failure, Gloom and Despair;
At each of these stations just keep on your way,
For "Work" does not tarry there.

After you have entered the town of "Success,"
Tho' your load may have been hard to bear,
Once inside you will find both comfort and rest,
Just be thankful you started for there.

—Dale Newell Carty.

THE EDITOR'S

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

RALPH LASDAY — C. J. HANLAN
JOSEPH MEYERS — MARY HALL ESTEP
EARL S. LAND — MRS. T. L. HALE

RUTH E. TEBBETS -

HARRY W. KENNEDY - - - *Artist*
WILLIAM VAN ARSDALE - - - *Artist*

MEMBERS of "The Big Store Family" seem, sometimes, to forget that the STORAGRAM is really their paper. That it is edited for their benefit and amusement; that the little personals, helpful selling hints and friendly reminders are expressions from one employee to another, and that the paper is open to all.

If numbers mean anything there are nearly 5,000 employes in this great institution and still the STORAGRAM is only the expression of thought of a mere handful of all these minds. Think what it would mean if contributions would pour into the Editor's mail from all parts of the house. Ideas from everywhere. It reminds one of what A. S. Gregg said recently in *Forbes Magazine*.

> "You have a shilling. I have a shilling. We swap. You have my shilling and I have yours. We are no better off. But suppose you have an idea and I have an idea. We swap. Now you have two ideas and I have two ideas. We have increased our stock of ideas 100 per cent."

And so it is with the STORAGRAM. The Editor's ideas are always being used. It's a case of "everything going out and nothing coming in." Try to remember that two ideas are always better than one, that if you do not see the things in the STORAGRAM that you like the blame lies with you, for the Editor is not omniscient and can't well know the wants of 5,000 employes unless, of course, those wants are made known.

The STORAGRAM is for the whole store family. It concerns all and all can get good out of it. Called to the Editor's attention last month was the fact that the Packers' Department had not been mentioned in the store paper. This was an oversight on the Editor's part, but what was it on the part of the employes in that department who neglected to call attention to themselves? The Packers deserved a great deal of credit for the work they did during the month of December. They should have had a whole page giving the news to the store that 138,808 packages had been packed in the store, Forbes Street Warehouse and the North Side Warehouse, during the month, and that in this enormous amount of work only 84 mistakes were made. Credit was due those men. Credit and more was due to T. Strazza, under whose supervision those men worked. And still there wasn't a word about it all in the STORAGRAM.

Can you tell me what to do?

Let's swap ideas. *R. E. T.*

THE November issue of the STORAGRAM contained a contest announcement, offering $25.00 in prizes for the best suggestions for the improvement of the house organ. The suggestions have been judged and prizes have been awarded to Miss Weiland, of Mr. Burton's office—first prize, $15.00; to Miss Eva Stein, of G. Basement—second prize, $5.00, and to Miss Katherine Killmeyer, of the Credit Complaint Department—third prize, $5.00.

The suggestions are as follows:

Miss Weiland suggests that we get pictures of the heads of the firm and employes of the store—pictures of how they used to look either as children or in their youth.

Second—Miss Stein suggests that a department be given in the paper for stories, preferably fiction stories. These should deal with the store or with store life and should create in the mind of the reader an idea toward better service in the store and to the customer.

Third—Miss Killmeyer would form two clubs, one for the younger boys and one for the younger girls. The duty of these members would be to foster a spirit of co-operation among the employes and at the same time to act as reporters of news for the STORAGRAM.

Many members of "The Big Store" sent in suggestions, but the board of judges considered these the most practical and the best.

S OWN PAGE

- - - Editor

ADVISORY BOARD

O. C. LAWLER
ELLA M. HYDE
J. E. PRIDDAY
MARY V. NUGENT
EDITH EHRENFELD
JACOB ALWES
NETTIE McKENZIE
A. B. KEUHN
FRANK CALLAHAN
B. T. SMITH
CATHERINE MALLEY
MATHILDA MINCH

DO you belong to the Kaufmann's Savings Club? No? Too bad. Now you'll have to wait until July, for no more new members will be accepted until then.

Due to the untiring efforts of Miss Curtin, Miss Keefe and Mr. Breckenfelter, of the Sixth Floor, the Club has a membership of 270 and a monthly deposit of $1,700.25.

To the employes this little request is made: Please deposit your weekly savings on Tuesday evening, before the store closes, or Wednesday morning before 10:30. Employes coming to the Credit Department later than this will have to "skip" the week and make two payments the following Tuesday or Wednesday.

JUNE, 1921, marks the fiftieth year of business for the Kaufmann's Stores, Inc. It marks the fiftieth year of service to the people of Pittsburgh. Each and every employe is asked to suggest ways and means of making this Anniversary the best that has ever taken place in the store. Make use of every suggestion box in the house. Keep Mr. Hanlan busy reading and bringing the ideas before the policy board and keep the firm busy sending out prize checks to the employees whose suggestions appear most worth while.

The following were listed as prize winners for the month of December:

Hilda Kiefer.....10836.....	$5.00
W. H. Searight.....	3.00
Mary O'Donnell..Sign Writer.....	2.00
J. H. Hughes.....Floorman R. Base....	1.00
C. Kortner.....C. Boys.....	1.00
Bella Hansell.....1602—Dept. F.....	1.00
Addie K. Lester..4651.....	1.00
Anna Rizner.....3rd Fl. Ser. Desk.....	1.00
M. Jordano.....13110 J. Childs' Base	1.00
John Finn.....Dept. R.....	1.00

MR. GREENE, Employment Manager, has sent in a request urging that all employes inform the Employment Bureau of any change in their address. This matter, small in itself, causes much delay to the department and holds up records for an unnecessary time.

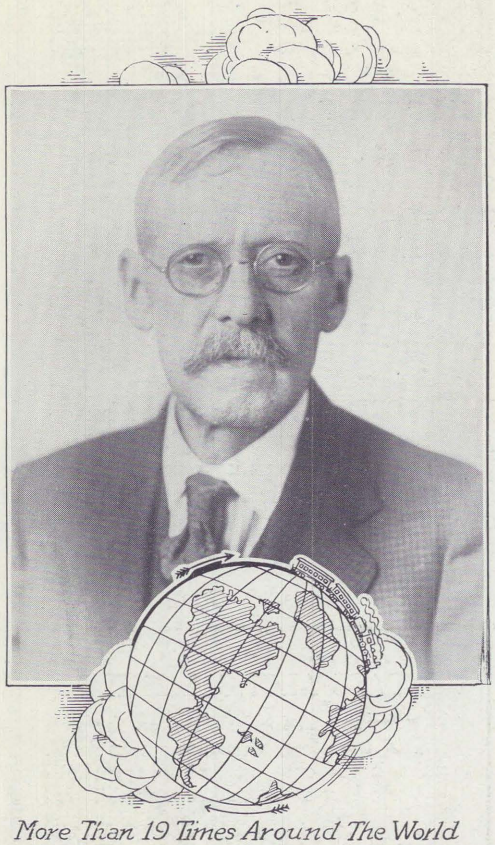
PASS ALONG A SMILE

At home and in the office, on the street and in the store, pass along a smile. A smile is the cheapest and best medicine. It is the best salesman in the world. It is bottled energy. It reveals faith in yourself and in your fellow beings. It's the dynamo for a successful day's work. It keeps away the grouch, for the man who smiles brings a little bit of sunshine into the lives of those whom he meets. It is the symbol of hope and ambition. It is a panacea for frayed nerve and trying impulses.

The brain is a moving picture film, from which, it is said, in the normal human being no image is ever wholly erased. A close-up of a grouch is like cold coffee in the morning. But the enormous amount of energy released by a cheerful word cannot be overestimated. Smiles make miles in life's race. They put a stopper on scandal, sidestep slander and stimulate success. They promote health and happiness. They cost nothing, but are worth more than gold. The other fellow's troubles are bigger than mine. Why should I put a damper on his day? My first duty is to radiate courage and optimism, for only in this spirit does the world go forward.

When I think of the other fellow more than I do of myself I am really doing myself the greater favor. A smile dispels mean, petty, jealous, or suspicious thoughts. It dispels fear. It leaves me freer to plan and to work. When the petty annoyances of my day are disconcerting I will pass along a smile and tackle my task with fresh ardor.

MR. ARTHUR DOUGHERTY



More Than 19 Times Around The World

CARPET selling to the "outside" individual means nothing. To Mr. Art Dougherty it meant everything. It was his life work. It was his job; the job that got him up every morning from his warm, cozy bed at 3:30 A. M.; the job that made him breakfast at 4 o'clock and catch the train to Pittsburgh from Steubenville, Ohio.

For fifteen years Mr. Dougherty traveled daily from Steubenville to Pittsburgh. For fifteen years he arose at 3:30. In fifteen years he traveled 490,000 miles to attend the business of carpet selling at "The Big Store."

Here is his story:

January 15, 1921, marked the 50th year in the carpet business for Mr. Dougherty. He was first associated with the J. A. Walker & Sons Company, of Steubenville. After a number of years in the employ of that concern he bought out the business and made one of the most successful retail carpet and rug stores out of it. Sixteen years ago he sold out and "retired" to California. This lasted one year. To him the fascination returned and he came East and entered the employ of Kaufmann's. For fifteen years he was with us, making his home all that time in Steubenville, Ohio. Until last year, Mr. Dougherty adjusted all the claims of the Carpet Department. His was a big job.

And now he is gone. As a last word to his fellow employes of the Fifth Floor, he said: "If I get tired trotting around the globe, I'll be right back to help you out." It's reasonable to believe that any man who has served the interests of "The Big Store" as faithfully as Mr. Dougherty will not have to "look" long for a job when he comes back.

HOW A CLERK CAN SERVE THE CUSTOMER, HIMSELF AND "THE BIG STORE" IN *TWO WORDS*

"I CAN"

1st—I CAN BE POLITE

Politeness is very necessary to eliminate the slightest friction with your customer.

2nd—I CAN BE BUSY

Proof of being busy lies in the work you accomplish, not in the mental impressions you create.

3rd—I CAN BE PATIENT

Be as patient in demanding recognition of your efforts as you are in deserving recognition.

4th—I CAN BE STUDIOUS

Study your goods and learn to know why your product will sell and be a teacher of how to make it sell.

5th—I CAN BE SINCERE

Evidence of sincerity in your line of argument awakens interest.

6th—I CAN BE HONEST

Honest with your work and honest with your friend, but most of all be honest with yourself, even in a pure selfish view honesty is the best policy.

7th—I CAN BE CONFIDENT

Confidence is the absolute certainty in your mind that you can successfully serve your customer and have faith in the goods you are selling.

8th—I CAN BE LOYAL

Live Allegiance to "THE BIG STORE" in thought, word and deed. When you can't find in your heart and head to do so make room for one who can.

9th—I CAN BE ENTHUSIASTIC

Enthusiasm is not excitement, it is earnestness and lasting and makes you sell the goods.

10th—I CAN BE HAPPY

A "SMILE" is the badge of Happiness.

"WEAR IT."

TOP ROW (Left to Right)—H. Snyder, C. Shaw, H. Cooke, H. Hurley, P. Carlin, A. Wassel, H. Rouff, J. Netting, V. Martin, J. Knierim, J. Barney, R. Anderson, C. Minton and John Trainor.

CENTER ROW (Left to Right)—H. Wolter, H. Rose, R. Ballantine, T. Keating, D. Jacobson, H. Simon, M. Rosenthal, S Grublensky, C. Betz, H. Stuehling, S. Spokoiney, H. Zinn, C. Woods, D. Cohen and J. Price.

FRONT ROW (Left to Right)—P. Smerick, H. Meiers, M. Ruben, C. Dougherty, **L. Emery, N. Meyers**, C. Reizenstein, C. Herbert, M. Reeg, N. Mar, A. Meehan and C. Kubiak.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT—M. Elser, S. Haney, M. Sehn, E. Schmitt, M. McCaffrey, E. Carr, R. Shoma, P. Angst, M. Meyers, V. Ryan, B. Weigold, M. Ruby, B. Dubinger, P. Skirpan, A. Torchia, M. Spratt, M. Dugan, K. Dugan, A. McNeil, P. Yerwick, M. Munch, A. Tonsic, G. Jeffrey, A. Kanoza, I. Bovitch, M. Benarsky, M. Lepas, H. Kozlowska, A. Vitulla, L. Kaiser, H. Pastorius, C. Speigel, J. Lynch, M. Collins, A. Pogeledish, B. Mackey, M. Ecoff, E. Jacobs, A. Harilla, M. McGuire, E. Wilson, L. Haas, E. Scheel, S. Tocha, L. Spahr, B. Keddie, M. King, W. Glenn, P. Wolpert, H. Kerr, H. O'Hara, H. Reuss, E. Bodimer, J. Scully, E. Keller, E. Seiler, M. Holzworth, M. Schmitt, H. Kladek, M. Finucan, H. Snowden, V. Wesol, M. Flynn, T. Burdelsky, H. Patterson, E. Sparkenbaugh, H. DeVine, P. Pollock, P. Skirpan, K. Scully, M. Cassidy, H. Lochinski, M. Pack, K. Erska, G. Dooley, Mary H. Estep and Miss Wires.

A BOOST FOR MISS TOLER

Apartment No. 1,
43 South Emily Street,
Crafton, Pittsburgh, Penna.
January 14th 1921

To the Manager,
Kauffman's Big Store
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sir:-

I wish to compliment you upon having the services of a Miss Toler in your complaint department Sixth Floor.

This young lady appears to possess in a superlative degree courteousness and executive ability.

Thanking the Kauffman Store and Miss Toler through you for the efficient manner in which several complaints I have had occasion to present, were taken care of during the past several weeks, I am

Very truly yours
H. W. Savidge

The above letter was sent to Kaufmann's by a customer who appreciated the courtesy and real service tendered him by Miss Toler, of the Adjustment Bureau, Sixth Floor.

We always knew these things about her, but it takes an outsider to remind us of them.

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT

Rose B., Ninth Floor—No, Rose, your picture did not come in. Sorry, for we would have enjoyed seeing you in a bathing suit. Too bad you won't allow it to be published. We're on the lookout for it, though.

* * *

Mr. Mennigke—We received your letter for a rat catcher or we mean we received the letter you got from an applicant for the job. We are printing it below:

Pittsburgh, Pa.
1-13-21

Dear Sir:—

I see your AD in the Leader for an experienced Rat Catcher would say that I am very much experienced in the line of catching rats—in fact better than cats being very quick and shifty on my feet and believe me any rat that gets away from me when I get after him will surely die from exhaustion because I will surely run him out of breath. Hoping the above experience will enable me to get the job.

I remain,

_____,
City

We hope he did, too.

* * *

We were so pleased with the letter from Listen Lester, of the Advertising Department, we have to show it to everybody:

"Editor:—

"I am sorry my 'thinker is on the blink' and worse—my thinking cap is lost. Try as I would I could resurrect no funny occurrence within our domains this last month.

"And news—say—eating one million and one plates of vegetable soup would be easier than finding one little grain of news.

"Of course you know that Marg. Stumpf's cousin died and that Jacob Miller is on the sick list. That's all the casualties I can think of.

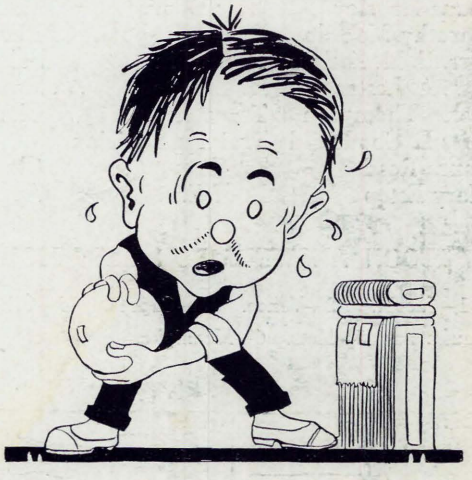
"Hoping Inspiration found you and that you can supply the missing items, I am E. B. L.

THE DEFINITE DAMES

The damosels of long ago
Were ever nice when they said "No."
They hinted in their honied way
At other flowers as sweet as they,
And proffered to the blighted swain,
A sister's love to suage his pain.
But things have changed in this respect
And modern maids, when they reject,
Just give their heads the tiniest toss,
And tersely snap "Abso. Imposs!"

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

BOWLING NOTES



Coming down on the last quarter finds "The Big Store" team in third place, climbing from fifth place by winning 20 of the last 31 games, due to the constant bowling of Mr. Thomas, Mr. Craig and Mr. McEvoy.

The team standing shows our team won 53 and lost 42, just four games back of Avey & Irish, who is in second place, and seven games back of the league leaders, Pittsburgh-Des Moines.

Team standing in the league as follows:

	Won.	Lost.
Pittsburgh-Des Moines	60	35
Avey & Irish	57	38
Kaufmann's	53	42
Manufacturers' L. & H.	51	44
J. G. Taylor	48	47
J. C. Garland	43	52
Phœnix Glass	41	54
Pittsburgh Printing	27	68

PROMOTION ITEMS

PROMINENT among the transfers of last month we have Miss Laura A. Read, transferred from office clerk, Traffic Department, to Application Clerk in the Bureau of Employment, replacing Miss Mary Estep, now in our Training Division.

Those who have been in the store for some years will recall Miss Read as having been previously in the Employment Record Office during 1917 and 1918. At that time Miss Read left to take up another line of work, but remained there just long enough to prove to herself that the best place to work was at "The Big Store." She came back to us and was placed in the Traffic Department.

Miss Susan Goodchild has also been transferred from Training Division to Bureau of Employment. Miss Goodchild is working on Turnover Records.

Miss Katherine Kredel, who has been with the store for a number of years, and who we all know for her "sunny disposition," is continuing the work in the Training Department as instructor, and also assists Miss Agnes Simpson on Employes' Production Records in the Bureau of Employment.

M. A. Maloney.

PROMOTIONS AND TRANSFERS FOR JANUARY, 1921

NAME.	DEPT.	POS.	DEPT.	POS.
J. E. Stobart	H. Inf. Floorman	Floorman	Timekeeper	Lockerman
Clara Hensley	Hair Goods	Cashier and Asst.	G. Mill	Sales
Dorothy McHale	B. of I.	Phones	Ret. Goods	Checker
Mrs. E. M. Zollars	H. Muslin	Sales	H. Pett.	Sales
Mrs. A. Lester	H. Infants	Supervisor	Training	Instructor
Helen Thompson	Transfer	Clerk	Bookkeeping	Assistant Cashier
Miss L. Goodchild	Training Division		B. of E.	Clerical Clerk
Laura Read	Traffic	Clerk	B. of E.	Application Clerk
Mary Estep	B. of E.	Application Clerk	Training D.	Instructor

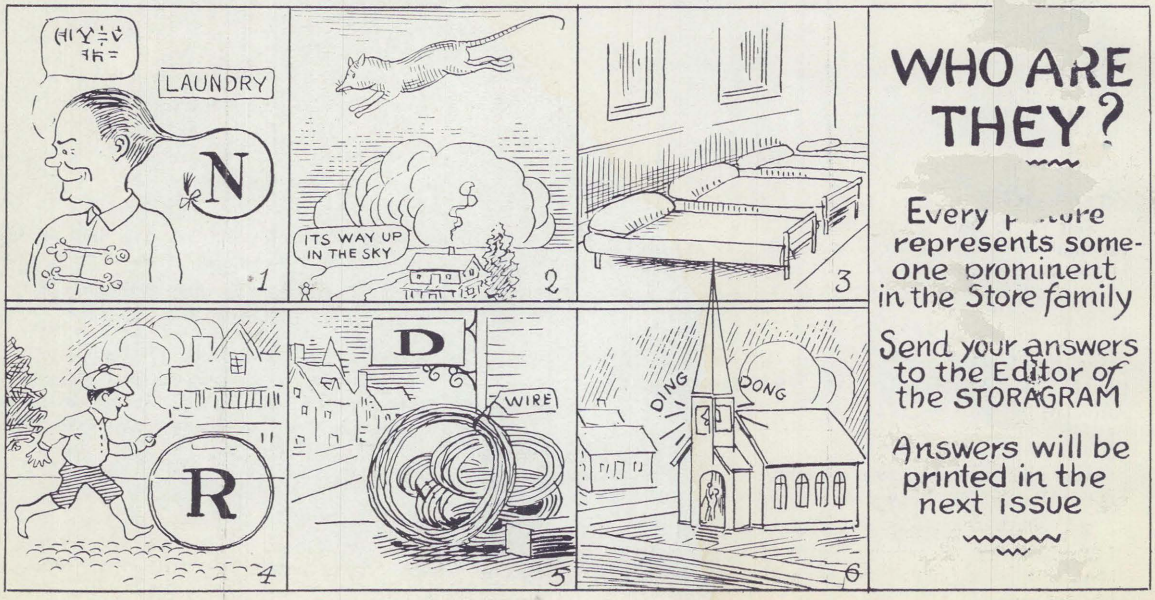
CARTOON ANSWERS FOR LAST ISSUE.

1—Jacobi. 2—Vance. 3—Caputo. 4—Oliver Kaufmann. 5—Katz. 6—Mennigke.

SUPERFLUOUS

"I have here a book entitled: 'The Success Chicken Raiser,'" began the agent.

"I don't need it," broke in Uncle Cy Hopk: "All my children are boys."



FIRST FLOOR

Miss Rean Ley, of the B. Hosiery Department, has been making good use of the January White Sale. Miss Ley, when is the happy event coming off?

* * *

The Shoe Department announces the engagement of Miss Margaret La Velle, one of the most pleasant girls in the store, to Mr. Joseph Walsh. Here's hoping Joseph will make her happy.

* * *

Our noted singer, Miss Sara Gordon, is ready to accept all offers. Her voice has improved so of late that not only do the public envy her, but also the birds. We shall have her sing for you if you doubt this.

* * *

Miss Catherine Minsterman has been promoted from Cashier Wrapper to head of Shoe Exchange Desk.

* * *

Mr. Katz bought a ring. He will make some *Miss* a Mrs. Katz early in the Spring. All wish them luck.

* * *

Miss Marie Munzer and Miss Mary Ruby have been ill for the past two weeks. Both are now back on the job. We are all glad to see you back again.

* * *

ublic take notice—The Shoe Department has at ceeded in getting a real model. Miss Mil- Jarrett, who will be seen in the Model show, early Spring. Somebody by the name of "Ann" is jealous. Guess?

* * *

New Choir Leader

Mr. Sexton, of First Floor Shoes, leads the singing daily when more than two clerks are assembled by his favorite anthem: "Is It a Riot?"

* * *

"Special"

The partment wishes to tell the world, as well as all those in the store, that nowhere can you find one so congenial and obliging as our—Mr. Merts!

SECOND FLOOR

Big Ben came back from Philly with a sprained thumb. We should be thankful that there are no Automats in Pittsburgh.

* * *

Since the Tuesday night meeting of the Herny Social Herman has spoken to no one except Harry at the chocolate stand in the Davis.

* * *

Department E wishes to announce that Walter has been given a blue pencil.

One towel for Lawrence while the boys are down East.

* * *

In the future, when Ralphie orders hams from down home he will collect the freight in advance.

* * *

Goldman is cutting down expenses. Instead of buying two hats he buys one small tent.

* * *

It is rumored that two very good friends are contemplating a partnership in the gas business. We wish to congratulate Mr. F. Will and Mr. Israel.

* * *

Mr. Ben Jacobs and Mr. R. Hutt, of the Men's Clothing Department, have been sent to the Textile School in Philadelphia. They will be more than glad to give any information to those wishing same.

* * *

Mr. Herman Schrolowitz, of the Boys' Clothing Department, is back again after being absent for over twelve weeks, due to an auto accident. We are all glad to have him back with us.

* * *

Mr. Gus Gottschall, of the Boys' Clothing Department, has gone to New York for a week. What will New Kensington do without a violin teacher during his absence?

THIRD FLOOR

Miss Ernst is the authority for this one:

Customer—Lady, I want the hat I saw in this store the other day.

Miss E.—Can you describe the hat, madam?

Customer—Yes, it had a scope front and would add considerably to my height.

NOTE: She got the hat.

NOTE 2: Miss Ernst is a mind reader.

* * *

A surprise party was held on Mrs. Hanlon, of the Millinery Department by members of that department January 29. The affair also served as a farewell dinner to Mrs. Lewenberg, who left recently for Indianapolis. A full course dinner was served by Mrs. Schwan, and the girls surely did light into that "home cooked meal." Among the girls from the department present were Miss Halboth, Miss Harris, Miss Hensley, Mrs. Lowenberg, Miss Gallagher and Miss Wicht. Games and dancing finished the evening program.

* * *

Mary Maringo, from J. Misses' Department, says she simply can't stop eating. Therefore, she must pay the penalty—avoirdupois!! Getting fatter every day is her lament.

What would you give for
Height like Mr. Searight's
or
Feet like Miss Perham
or
Eyes like Miss Berkowitz
or
Disposition like Mr. Heyman's
or
A car like Mr. Whelan's
or
An office like Mr. Kuehn's
or
A lisp like Miss Ernst.

* * *
* * *

Engaged! Sparkler 'n everything! Olive Jenkins, of J. Misses' Department, is the happy one. Some one find "Tanny" in "The Big Store" and they've got the man! Good luck!

* * *

Can it be possible? Everyone says the new floorman in J. Misses' Department, Mr. Appell, looks enough like Miss Weiler to be her brother. Why didn't you bring him out long ago, Miss Weiler?

FOURTH FLOOR

* * *

Mrs. Davis, of O. Arts, is recovering from the results of an accident. Several weeks ago she was struck by an automobile near her home. At first her injuries were considered very serious, but we are glad to say she is now on the road to recovery.

* * *

Miss Betty Douglas, teacher in O. Arts, spent several days in New York seeing the new things in Art Departments and incidentally having a good time. Miss Douglas was chaperoned by the buyer, Mrs. Hale.

* * *

Miss Claire Hall, of O. Yarns, has gone to Indianapolis to spend two weeks with her sister.

* * *

The girls in the Art Department were very sorry to have Mrs. Coffman go. We all liked her very much and wish her success.

* * *

Miss Felton was home sick for a few days. We were glad to have her back with us again.

Miss Felton has a new diamond ring. She will be a Mrs. Burns some day.

FIFTH FLOOR—CARPET DEPARTMENT

Mr. Ashlin—Can I be of any service to you, madam?

Customer—Yes, please, I want to buy some stair carpet.

Mr. Ashlin—How much, please?

Customer—I really do not know.

Mr. Ashlin—If you know how many steps there are I can tell you the amount of carpet needed.

Customer—I do not know the number of steps there are, but the house has eight rooms.

SEVENTH FLOOR

The girls of the Grocery Department held a surprise party for Elizabeth Wehner Saturday evening, January 29, at her home, in honor of her birthday. A jazz orchestra and everything helped to make the party one of the best and happiest parties the department has ever given. Poor Elizabeth almost fainted she was so surprised.

Miss Anna Fay, of Y. Groceries, celebrated her twentieth year with the store last week. Miss Fay started in the department as saleswoman and demonstrator and is now Mr. Walta's assistant.

* * *

Delayed a Bit

Mr. Clarence Strogie, of the A. H. Department, who was married the 8th of December, was presented with linens from the department.

* * *

A well-known saying in the A. H. office is: "Vot, you in here again?"

* * *

If Keith is looking for a good comedian, would advise him to call on Mr. Devinny, A. H. floorman.

EIGHTH FLOOR

We want everyone in the store to give a rising vote of thanks to the Stenographic Department. While the Editor typewrites, her copy is all rewritten by that department to make it presentable to the printer, Again we say thanks, Miss Fleet.

* * *

There's a quiet little soul on the Eighth Floor that we've never even mentioned. Do you know her? She's Miss Tisherman in Mr. A. Jacobi's office. All the help and suggestions she gives us go a long way to make the STORAGRAM interesting for you.

* * *

This for Miss Holleran, we hope you get him.

* * *

Mary Hall Estep, what has happened to you? Not the sign of a story for two months. Do you think your name is on the Editorial Staff as an ornament? Get busy.

* * *

Congrats, Miss Weiland, we're glad you won the suggestion prize.

* * *

Miss Quinn, our nurse, has been away more a week with a very bad case of grippe. She couldn' stay out on Valentine Day, though. Mrs. Baughman clerk in the hospital, has been under the doctor's care for some time. We want them both back as soon as possible.

* * *

Mrs. Upright, who assisted Miss Quinn d holidays, is with us again substituting for Mis while Miss McKenzie, whose labors are nun relieves in the hospital.

* * *

For goodness' sake, Miss Wallace, doing now?

* * *

Last week, for the first time, we noticed an quisite diamond on Miss Dwyer's left h we been slow? The matter will attended to. She's holding out o

* * *

We still admit we'd rather hear M than most anyone in the house. Ever h

* * *

Dead? No. Miss Foley is still al so busy finding missing checks tha

* * *

Harry Broida has achieved at least t his height. While we would hate to s away, still we will say this: "Have new hat?" It's green and Oh! so tan

* * *

If you are thinking of editing a new d *don't until* you hear Earl Land—he can teach you a few.

WE'RE GREEN WITH ENVY

Imagine all the "sights" that our Foreign Buyers are seeing. Mr. Flynn, Mr. Harris, Mr. Lautman, Mr. Moffatt and Mr. Horne are present on the other side.

EIGHTH FLOOR

There are two inseparables in the Advertising Office—Mr. Adams and the Print Shop.

* * *

Adler is still with us in spite of the fact that becoming a perfect dietarian. Those who say is nothing to dieting—the less you eat, the " should just watch Mary Adler dis-

* * *

ost bit our pencils to pieces trying to think methin' to say about Mrs. Cash$ —but we can't she seems so "angelically" perfect this let it go at that.

* * *

are peculiar souls (begging their here is Mary O'Donnell, Margaret the petite Lillian Herbert—the funny hem is that they're always so thirsty— ay you may see Lillian going for s full—and yet when all you want ittle drop, it's always "all gone."

* * *

please account for Charles Thomp- as absence from the Print Shop? No ee people are willing to testify that they s with a beautiful ring that could not possibly be his. Was it Wellsburg or Steubenville, as.?

The other day Mr. Adams was instructing Arthur (in the Print Shop) just what bottle of ink to use. It happened to be on the last shelf, so obliging Arthur clambered up to get it—down came Arthur, ink and all, right on top of Mr. Adams. Pride comes before a fall, they say. We wonder.

* * *

Many were glad to see Miss Kaiser, Cashier of the Employes Restaurant, back on the job. Miss Kaiser was seriously ill for more than two weeks.

* * *

Mr. F. R. Hoerster spent two days in Cleveland attending the funeral of a relative.

* * *

Did you know that our Ellen Lester is lending her valuable (?) aid to the artists on rush days? You didnt? Well, listen. On very busy days she really helps Miss Howard *by erasing every single pencil mark from all of her completed drawings.* Now, if that isn't kind of her we'd like to know what is.

GARAGE BACKFIRE

(*Continued From Page Eight*)

Stevens, Fahey and Kaylor almost got the "flu," but fortunately they sidestepped in time.

* * *

Ed Coleman has resigned and has been succeeded by R. D. Wilson, formerly in the Window Trimming Department.

* * *

After watching "Pop" Miller fuss over the horses, one is inclined to believe that it's good sometimes to be a horse.

* * *

Now just what does "Kid" Thierhoff want with an eight-gallon kettle?

* * *

"Right you are!" says Wallace, and the jobs' done.

* * *

Barnhardt and Tritinger are to fight a duel on account of the service Ford. Weapons will be Stillson wrenches at two feet.

* * *

Donovan and Malloy, our water spaniels, want new boots. Who knows where cast iron ones are made?

* * *

Say, Conway, when are you committing suicide?

* * *

Counahen went to a dentist last week. The dentist had to chain him down. Why didn't he throw away the key.

* * *

Harry Gebhardt bought himself a house. He is figuring on a good time?

* * *

"Smiling Joe," our Stock Man, deserves a lot of credit. Ask Wilson; he can tell you.

* * *

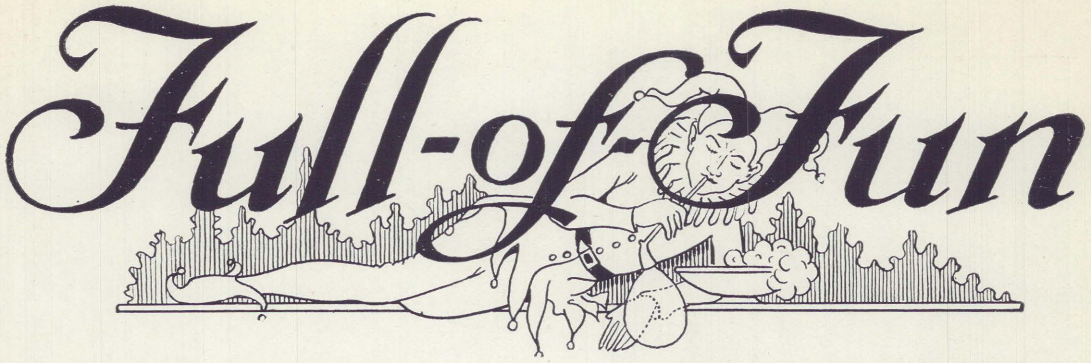
We had a bad accident last week. A tire flew up and hit Bruner in the eye.

* * *

Our "big chief," Mr. Freeman, is planning a vacation trip to Florida, which he has well earned. The wild game and big fish had better stay under cover.

* * *

"Pop" Miller is thinking about renting our box stalls for furnished rooms. Hope he is not going to join the "profiteers."



CUSTOMER—This is the shoe you advertised as fit for a millionaire's wife, and look at it—the sole worn through after only a month's use.

Dealer—Ah, well; you see a millionaire's wife doesn't need to do much walking.

—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

FATAL METAPHOR—The young man was telling his sweetheart how he had been attracted to her.

"You were a lovely flower and I was a bee," he explained to her; "I was a mouse and you were a piece of cheese."

And then he wondered why she rose and left the room. *The American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

A COMMON CASE—"My employes have clubbed together and taken a half interest in the concern."

"That's nothing. My employes never did have but a half interest in my concern."

—*Judge.*

* * *

STYLES—Fair Customer: "I'd like to try on that one over there."

Salesman: "I'm sorry, madam, but that is the lampshade." *Passing Show* (London).

* * *

A FLYAWAY AFFAIR—A fly and a flea in a flue were imprisoned; so what could they do?

Said the flea, "Let us fly!"

Said the fly, "Let us flee!"

So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

—*Orange Peel.*

* * *

"DO YOU SAY that your hens 'sit' or 'set?'" asked the precise pedagog of the busy housewife.

"It never matters to me what I say," was the quick reply. "What concerns me is to learn, when I hear the hen cackling, whether she is laying or lying."

—*Farm and Fireside.*

* * *

A MAN, arrested for murder, bribed an Irishman on the jury with twenty dollars, to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury was out a long time, and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irish juror and said: "I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?"

"Yes," said the Irishman. "An awful hard time. The other eleven wanted to acquit yez."

* * *

"LESLIE," said a school teacher, "can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, tell the class what you know."

"I heard father say that they smelt it."

THE FALL FELLOW

There was once a fellow named Repp,
Who had such a darn lot of pep,
He climbed the church steeple,
To scare all the people,
But, alas! the poor guy missed his step.

* * *

EBB—Why don't you wear calico any more?"

Flo—Oh, I just hate to see myself in print."

—*The Cornell Widow.*

MODERN EPITAPHS

Here lie the bones
Of Silas Snicker—
He took one drink
Of homemade licker.

Here lie the bones
Of Percy Goff—
He thought 'twas Spring
And took them off.

Here lie the bones
Of Rudolph Black—
An engine pushed him
Off the track.

Here lie the bones
Of Mike O'Neill—
The pin dropped out
The steering wheel.

O childhood-days enchanted!
O the magic of the Spring!—
With all green boughs to blossom white,
And all bluebirds to sing!

When all the air is toss and quaff,
Made life a jubilee
And changed the children's song
And laugh to shrieks of ecstasy.

With eyes half closed in clouds that ooze
From lips that taste, as well,
The peppermint and cinnamon,
I hear the old School-bell,

And from "recess" romp in again,
From "Blackman's" broken line,
To smile—behind my "lesson,"
At that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily-beauty,
With a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco
As the "Genii" from the vase;

And I thrill beneath the glances
Of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer
And as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet
And the little checkered dress
She wore when I first kissed her—
And she answered my caress

With the written declaration that
"As surely as the vine
Grew round the stump" she loved me—
That old sweetheart of mine.

Again I make her presents,
In a really helpless way,—
The big "Rhode Island Greening"—
(I was hungry, too, that day!)

But I follow her from Spelling,
With her hand behind her—so—
And I slip the apple in it—
And the Teacher doesn't know!

I give my treasures to her—all—
My pencil—blue and red;
And, if the girls played marbles,
Mine should all be hers, instead!—

But she gave me her photograph,
And printed "Ever Thine"
Across the back in blue-and-red—
That old sweetheart of mine!

And again I feel the pressure
Of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together
Of the future we had planned,—

When I should be a poet,
And with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses
That she set the music to.

When we should live together
In a cozy little cot
Hid in a nest of roses,
With a fairy garden-spot,

Where the vines were ever fruited
And the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing
For that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover
Forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart
Till the golden hair was gray;

And we should be so happy
That when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in Heaven
Till the other's kiss had come.

But, ah! my dream is broken
By a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened,
And—my wife is standing there.

Yet with eagerness and rapture
All my visions I resign,—
To greet the living presence
Of that old sweetheart of mine.

James Whitcomb Riley.

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GOOD WISHES ON VALENTINES DAY

THE lovers think they own this day,
Perhaps they really do,
But it seems to me there ought to be
A place for Friendship too;
So I'm going to steal a corner
Of the day, Old Friends of Mine,
To send you my good wishes,
By dear old St. Valentine.

Ye Ed.